THE SALT LAKE HERALD

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1903

SECTION THREE

# Rounding Up the Shoshones.



BY CHARLES N. CREWDSON.

Photos by Major Lee Moorehouse, Pendleton, Oregon.

"EVERY Indian tribe in this country has had to have one good lickin' before they would quiet down," began Major Moorhouse as we jaunted one day alongside the Umatilla river. Bill Woodward, the old scout, was driving.

"After the Yakima war of '55," continued the major, "things were quiet out here in Oregon until the close of the civil war in the south. Then settlers came pouring out into the northwest. The Umatillas, Cayuses and Walla Wallas had gone peacefully upon this one reservation out here and were not kicking up a muss any more. But the Shoshones, who had never tasted white man's lead, began in '67 to waylay emigrants and rob or kill them. All along the road from Oregon to Salt Lake the Indians raised Cain. Those coming across from California had to watch shy.

"You see, there were three divisions of the Shoshones—those down in Idaho, those in the Malheur country of eastern Oregon and those just north of California in the Warner lake region. But they all spoke the same language and were, in truth, just one tribe scattered in three different places. The two Oregon bands had moved over from Idaho after the '55 war. They had been too far away to take part in that.

"The Indian, you know, is those days had no idea how many people there were in the east; they really thought that they could wipe the whites off the earth. One old chief out here once went to Washington. He started out with a long stick. When the train stopped at some small place he'd count the number of possible warriors around the station, and for each one he saw he'd cut a notch on the stick. One morning he landed in Chicago. He had to go through the heart of the city getting from one station to another. He chopped pretty lively on his stick for awhile, but he hadn't gone more than a block or two before he threw it away, saying: 'Heap white man—all same buffalo. Injun no whip white man.'

"Big Foot was the leader of the Shoshones. One of his feet was three times as big as the other. They could track him for awhile, then all of a sudden they'd lose all trace of him.'

"He was a wily old cuss, that Big Foot," put in the scout.

"What started the ball a-rollin'," went on the major, "was the massacre of a bunch of Chinamen. About eighty of 'em were on their way from Chico, Cal., to the Owyhee mines in Idaho. They at first went along with white teamsters, who protected them. But one Chinaman strayed away from the teams and got among the Indians. They treated him well. He reported this to the other Chinamen, and they thought they would quit the teams. They struck out alone. Near the mouth of Jordan creek the Indians lit in on 'em. The Chinamen didn't fight back, although they were well armed. An Indian would run up to a Chinaman and the Chinaman would hand the Indian his pistol and get killed with his own gun. All along the creek for a mile were scattered dead Johns. The Indians cut 'em up horribly. They were especially proud of the scalps with such nice long tails to 'em. For weeks afterward you could see Indians wearing the big, wide bamboo hats of the Chinamen.

"Just one Chinaman got away. He came into Camp Lyons, down in southeastern Oregon, and gave the alarm to the little squad of soldiers there then. These regulars had several engagements with the Shoshones, but nothing that amounts to much was done against them until General Crook came.

"The scouts and volunteer Indians did the real fighting."

"The reg'lars didn't know'd all by a d— sight," old Bill broke in. "Did they, major?"

"Most of the fighting," continued the major uninterrupted, "was done by the two Indian companies—one under Dr. Billie McKay; the other under his brother, Donald. You see, the same Indians that fought against the whites in '55 now fought for them. But the Shoshones were the hereditary foes of these tribes around here, and our Indians were glad to get a crack at their old enemy.

"The McKays were educated men. Their father was of the old Hudson Bay company; their mother a full-blood Indian. The boys went to school. Billie became a doctor and was the government physician on the Umatilla reservation at the time of this trouble. These men knew that the whites must finally get this country, so they lit in to help quiet things."

We had now turned away from the Umatilla and were driving along a little ridge. Below us was a creek lined with willows and underbrush.

"That little strip of woods down there," continued the major, 'reminds me of one of the daring deeds of that campaign. One of the Indian scouts in Dr. McKay's company was named Ya-tin-ay-a-wits. He was the bravest man that ever lived on this reservation. The Indian scouts were leading the white troops along a ridge like this. Below was a clump of trees and brush. The scouts passed ahead. All at once the Shoshones in ambush below fired at the white soldiers. The soldiers were scared because they didn't know how many Indians there were hidden in the brush. The Indian scouts came running back.

"Ya-in-ay-a-wits said to the soldiers: 'Why you no get him out?'

"The soldiers replied: 'We don't know how many there are. There might be three or 300.'

"'I get him out,' said Ya-tin-ay-a-wits.

"So taking a revolver in each hand, down into the brush he jumps. There was lively popping of pistols for a minute or two. Then out comes Ya-tin-ay-a-wits.

"'Go down get Injun,' was all he said.

"The soldiers went to the bed of the creek and there they found six dead Indians. Ya-tin-ay-a-wits took all six scalps."

"Guess he kind o' holds the scalp reco'd, don't he?" remarked the scout.

"This plan of making Indian fight Indian was a fool one, as far as results go," went on the major. "Down in the Goose Creek mountains the whites, after killing thirty Indians, captured thirty-five. These they left for the Indian volunteers to guard. The Indian knows no warfare but extermination. When the whites came back the thirty-five prisoners were hanging to limbs. I guess the Indian volunteers must have got just a little scalp hungry.

"After Crook came he pushed the campaign hard, letting the Indians under the McKays do most of the fighting. He made a winter campaign. In fact, it was Crook who found out that this was the best time to fight the Indians. The reason of this is that the whites are better able to keep up their commissary department during the winter. At that time there is no grass for the Indian's pony, and the ground is frozen so that he himself can't dig roots. You see, an Indian can live on a few roots. Then there's the tracks. The snow makes it easier to keep line on 'em. The tell-tale smoke from the tepee also gives 'em away. If the Indians are pressed hard they scatter like a flock of quail. Their plan is to get the white man as far from water and food as possible. Crook kind o' turned their tactics around on 'em."

"As long as Crook let Billie and Donald McKay's Indians do the fighting he fared better. In one fight near Camp Harvey they got twenty-four scalps. Crook kind o' took too much credit for this to himself, because the Shoshones afterward got decidedly the upper-hand of him in the battle of Pit river.

"Pit river is away down toward the California line. Crook had camped near by at Lake Warner. The Shoshones managed to lead him over their way. They knew their ground. Steep, rocky cliffs 300 feet high walled in the river valley. On top of these the Indians established themselves. The place was a natural fortification."

"Bet your life it was," again broke in the old scout—this time taking the lead. "A billy goat couldn't o' climbed up them cliffs. Why, they was straight up. And when the Injuns got into their forts one o' 'em was wuth ten of our men. The red devils had jus' been leadin' us all summer so as to git us down to this pocket. It was a reg'ler death trap.

"This clift, you see, was about 600 yards long. In front was the river, and at both ends was deep gulches. Behind it was terrible rocky—lava rock. On top of the clift at the southeast corner was two littler clifts with walls thirty or forty feet high, straight up nearly all aroun'. On top o' these little knobs the Shoshones built their forts—one on the east knob and two on the west knob. They got into the forts on the east knob and laid for us."

"Well, did you go after them?" I asked. This was getting exciting to me.

"Go after 'em? Yes. But the wrong way. Crook, the dam fool, put us scouts, who knew how to scrap the Injun, 400 yards away on a bluff—away behind 'em. He drew his own men up in line—a hell of a thing to do when you fight Injuns, ain't it, major? That was jus' what the Injuns had been layin' for, and they commenced crackin' away and droppin' Crook's men. Then he took a tumble and broke up his ranks. They wan't much done the rest of the day—just a little sharp shootin'.

"That night we scouts scrambled over the lava bed and got up clost. The reg'lers come up, too. All night long we could hear the Injuns rollin' rocks aroun' and yellin' kind o' low. They knowed what we was up to and we was doin' jus' what they wanted. It was lightnin' and thunderin' all night.

"At daybreak we was all in a hundred feet o' the fort. Jus' as the sun rose we heard the word, 'Forward!' We hadn't more'n got up good before bang went the Injuns. They dropped eight of us. But the rest kept right on. The sergeant of company D was the first to mount the wall. But he hadn't more'n got to the top before the Injuns pumped lead into him. If the Injuns could jus' a-loaded fas' 'nough they'd a plugged us all. But when they saw us comin', out they scooted. Well, sir, I couldn't see how they could get out, but away they scrambled through the cracks o' them lava rocks, jus' like lizards.

"First thing we knowed Mr. Shoshone was in the west fort crackin' at us again. But they hadn't been shootin' long before they quit. We didn't go after the second fort. We lost too many gettin' the one we had. Butonct in a while an Injun would show hisself just to kind o' agg us on. That night we could hear noise—papcoses was cryin'.

"The devils had set another trap for us. They left fort No. 2. We went up and found it all empty. They wanted us to follow 'em. If we'd done it we'd all a bin scalped. The Shoshones had hid themselves in cracks o' the lava rocks. They was jus' one pass we'd all a had to gone through and they'd a had us. One of the boys went forward a scouting, and they shot him right through the heart. That was the tightest trap ever I got into. Crook certainly got licked that time. The command went back to Camp Warner with their tails tucked."

"But the Shoshones were finally overcome, weren't they?" I asked.

"Well, they wan't exactly licked. They give up the next summer. They'd been run pretty hard a couple of years and had lost lots o' men. Crook had come over to the Harvey country. The chiefs of the Shoshones come in for a pow-wow.

"Crook says to 'em: 'Have we got less soldiers than we had two years ago?'

"'You got more gun,' one old chief says back.

"Then says Crook: 'Have you got as many men?'

"'No, not half as many tillicums (warriors)', says the chief.

"So the chiefs wanted peace. Crook told 'em to put down their guns and stay over in the Malheur country and he'd let 'em alone. And, sir, them Shoshones haven't raised a racket since."

Frank Randall, Scout

A Shoshone

# TATTLINGS OF A RETIRED POLITICIAN.

Author of "The Country Boy."

## ELEVENTH HOUR SURPRISES.

By Forrest Crissey.

Brokenstraw Ranch, Dec. 6.

DEAR NED—My father used to say that he never knew of a horse being stolen excepting from a barn that had been locked by a boy—and generally by a boy who had that very night been back, after starting for the house, to wiggle the padlock and "make sure."

Most of the good sound political drubbings that I've seen administered have been in the nature of eleventh-hour surprises. In one respect, at least, the arrival of the new political victor and the last coming of the Lord are strinkingly similar—both are illuminatingly described in the words of scripture reading "like a thief in the night" and "in an hour when you think not."

This is by way of reply to your statement that there isn't a gap, a weak rail, a rotten stake or a split rider in all your political fences; that you've got everything enclosed seven rails high and are only waiting for the congressional convention to drive the delegates right into the "stanchels" and have them counted.

Now, Ned, if all political cattle were exactly alike you might safely go off and visit your wife's relatives until the morning of the convention; but if the old district is anything like it used to be when I rode it in an open buggy and kept a list of the farm dogs' names, it is a safe plan to go out every hour or two and wiggle the padlock on the barn door, and put in the rest of the time patrolling the line fences. After you've turned yourself three times around and bedded yourself nicely down into a political situation, like a young hound in a haystack, make up your mind that it's time to hit the trail again and to hang to it until the pelt of the fox is nailed to the barn door.

And it's surprising how trifling a thing it takes to confound the mighty and turn a political certainty into a reminiscence. Perhaps you didn't know the Honorable Xaviar Flynn—they called him "Salve" for short—up in the city; but there's a powerful parable in the story of his fall. It came like a sharp frost out of a cloudy sky, and struck so deep down to the roots that it hasn't got thawed out yet. Salve had run things in the old Eighth so long and with so high a hand that he didn't dream anything on earth could unseat him. Not that he got careless and didn't keep his promises—he was too good a politician for anything of that sort—but he acquired the habit of putting up business blocks on the west side and always lacked a little of paying for one.

This was mighty stimulating to his sense of thrift, but somehow it kept him constantly paring down his campaign fund until some of the young bucks in his camp, who did the heft of the hard work, got tired of this passion of economy that had gradually taken possession of Salve. Tan Finnigan was especially sore, as the alderman had turned down some of his pet schemes in the council, and had refused to refund a thousand dollars that Tan had scattered along the levee in the course of the preceding campaign.

Right then and there Tan notified Salve to count him out and consider him as unattached; he might, he said, do a little work and he might conclude to go over to the enemy. "Anyhow you'll hear from one in one way or the other." Well, after the new campaign opened, Tan kept mighty still and appeared to be as completely absorbed in holding his seat on the fense as a boy who is waiting for the circus parade to pass. All his interest in politics appeared suddenly to have oozed out of his toes and he was given the credit of being as disinterested a spectator of the political field as the most aristocratic millionaire-by-inheritance on Brownstone avenue.

This didn't rack Salve with grief to any great extent. Since his mania for business blocks and economy had grown on him, the old alderman had come to regard Tan as a prodigiously expensive luxury. To be sure, Tan always got results, but if rentals on business property were as high as Tan's results, Salve figured he wouldn't need to stay in the council to keep his property up in good shape. So as long as Tan didn't line up actively with the opposition, the alderman was rather glad that the young county chairman was not distributing his money.

Just the day before the election, after old Salve had looked over all his fences and pronounced his work good, Tan took $50 to the bank and had it changed into dimes. Then he started out and began to hit up the old trail, making the rounds of the river salons. In every one he came across a few loafers with whom he was personally acquainted. These he called up to the bar and treated them to one round of beers, while the newcomers growled and swore in thirsty rage.

"Drink hearty," he would say, "to honest old Xavier Flynn."

But Tan's finishing touch, which marked him as a master in the creation of political discontent, was in solemnly handing a dime to every one of these loafer-captains, as they were wiping their lips after one drink, and saying:

"Now, boys, get out early and put in your best licks for Flynn. He's got to be returned. The opposition is throwing out lots of coin to put him out of business; but he knows he can depend on you, coin or no coin!"

This sort of thing was repeated in practically every saloon in the river ward—and a trail of curses on the niggardliness of old Flynn followed from one groggery to another—for, of course, the loafers all thought Tan was still the accredited distributor for Flynn. But curses were not the only followers that Tan had. He had secretaly arranged with the heelers of the opposition to make the rounds right after him and spend a dollar for every dime that he had put in the name of old Salve. You can bet there wasn't a dry throat in any place where these heelers stopped, and instead of dealing out dimes to the loafers they handed out five-dollar bills.

Meantime Alderman Flynn was comfortably counting up his greatly reduced election expenses and was glad that Tan was not sowing his money in the barrel houses. He had weathered so many storms and turned so many sharp corners that it didn't occur to him that it was possible to unseat him. Such was his confidence in his position that, after he had been told that Tan had been out doing a little work for him he didn't suspect that some sharp practice was going on.

Well, when the votes were counted that election Salve was buried so deep that they had difficulty in finding his figures on the sheet. And it took the old alderman about a month to find out the real nature of the brickbat that had hit him.

But when it comes to turning sharp corners at the eleventh hour, the trick that gave Little Danny his start in politics put all the others in the shade. Little Danny wanted to break into the council, but he lived in a strong Irish Democrat ward where Republicans were as scarce as hen's teeth, and the old alderman was up for re-election. He had the whole rolling mill influence at his back and he made no bones of saying that so long as he had the mill foreman and bosses solid he could "yell for Queen Victoria" and still be elected.

This incidental remark reached the ears of Little Danny and he made it the subject of meditation and prayer. The more he thought about the boast the madder he was—but he had to admit that it was gospel truth so far as any election records to date could show. The night before election Little Danny had as much chance to come out with a whole skin as a sour apple in a hog pen. As he was walking the floor jouncing a croupy baby he suddenly saw a great light. Some say that it came so quick that he dropped the baby into the coal hod, but I don't believe that, for Little Danny was never known to lose his head—and, besides, he was as tender as a woman when it came to handling a child.

But, at any rate, Little Danny turned the child over to his wife and made a dash dowp town. Between 2 and 4 in the morning, when all the world, including the policemen on their beats, sleeps soundest, Little Danny made a sneak to the cottage of Big Tom, his opponent. When he left, a life-size bust picture of her majesty, Queen Victoria, occupied the lower sash of the alderman's front window—a window in which the shade was never raised excepting on rare company occasions.

Now, this same window fronted on the street along which every hand going to and from the mill must pass. Another pertinent fact which had entered into Danny's calculations was that just then the Irish troubles were fierce in parliament and the old sod of the Green Isle was the scene of evictions and riots that would make the modern American strike look like a game of ping-pong. A big collection for "the cause" had just been taken in the rolling mill district, and an orator fresh from parliament had held a dozen "Emmett" meetings in the ward, with the result that, in the language of a mill foreman, the feeling was "right up to heat and ready to pour."

Little Danny's inspiration had taken note of all these incidentals and he calculated to do the pouring act as anything that could be put up in that neighborhood. With his unfailing cunning he had also taken into account the fact that the men leaving from the night shift would vote on their way home; but that those on the day shift would be given a special "knock off" during the day in which to deposit their ballots. In other words, every rolling mill hand would see that picture of Victoria Regina before going to the polls. Then, too, he had put the picture up so cleverly that it looked as if hung from the inside.

When the shifts changed and the dinner pail brigade passed the alderman's house a mighty rumbling began, and it grew louder and louder as the sun rose higher. Before one of the alderman's children discovered the portrait every loyal Irishman on the mill's payroll had seen the picture and a good share of them had vented their wrath at the polls by a vote for Little Danny, the "opposition" candidate.

Of course the old alderman sent his hustlers to every precinct and scattered money and explanations right and left—or, at least, attempted to do so. But with all the help the big men at the mill could give him he couldn't explain fast enough to check the landslide of votes that sent Little Danny to the council with a bigger majority than his defeated opponent had ever been able to muster.

Some experiences and observations of this kind, Ned, make me a little sensitive on the subject of sure things. When I get to feeling that there's nothing left to do but count the votes and send up the skyrockets of victory, I take an extra hitch in my belt and go out to see that some frisky steer doesn't get scared at a rabbit and stampede the whole bunch at the last minute before the county.

If you've got any sleeping to do, better stand yourself off with a few cat-naps until the polls close and take your beauty slumber after the close of the celebration. I hope you'll win, for I think you deserve it, and, besides, a term or two in congress will be good for you, and your wife will enjoy it—if she spends most of the time visiting among your constituents instead of going to Washington and finding out how small a figure a green congressman cuts among the real lawmakers.

When you get down there, Ned, remember that I'm open to all the garden seeds that you can send and that I'm a red-hot advocate of all the irrigation legislation that you can frame up for this part of the country. Yours as ever,

WILLIAM BRADLEY.



# A PAIR OF FLICKERS.

THE flicker is known throughout almost the whole of North America, and wherever he is known he is loved by all right-minded members of the community. He is of good appearance, industrious in his habits and minds his own business. He is a good citizen and an example to the rest of us; many of us are proud of him, and the others ought to be.

Last spring I saw a male flicker alight on the slanting trunk of a dead tree, and, after hitching sidewise two or three times, he stopped near a spot where the bark was loose, and began prying off bits of it with his strong curved bill, parting now and then to devour the insects which he brought to light. Once he waited for a second or two, with his head on one side, as though he heard something moving beneath the surface, and then he began to attack a particular spot with great vigor. "Rat-ta-at-at, rat tat-at-at" went the bill, as it drilled a neat little hole, and then the woodpecker paused to drive in his barbed tongue, which pierced a luckless grub and dragged it, writhing, from its stronghold. Then, flying to a higher branch, he sent forth a long call. "Wicka-wicka-wicka-wicka," which penetrated to the very heart of the woods. Presently he flew to another tree, alighting close to a hard, dead branch, where he shifted about as though to secure a perfect foothold, two toes of each foot in front and two behind, their sharp nails nipping the bark like claw pincers, and with his pointed tail feathers propping him up from below. Then he threw his head back, and, after a momentary pause, brought his bill to bear upon the dead branch with marvelous force and rapidity. The effect was a loud, vibratory sound not unlike the rapid rolling of a small drum, and after a moment's silence, during which the woodpecker turned his head on one side as though listening, it was repeated, seemingly louder than before. Again and again the sound rolled forth from the resonant branch, and then, with a little "pat," a second flicker alighter upon the tree. Then the drummer ceased his drumming, for he had something better to do. The lady love he had been calling for had arrived and the delightful task of winning her affections was before him. He drew near and bowed to her, uttering notes which sounded like as though they might be pretty speeches, then pranced in front of her, spreading his tail and his wings, displaying the golden feather shafts and the white patch on his rump. How much further he would have gone with his courtship will never be known, for at this interesting point another male flicker arrived from somewhere, and the two rivals, uttering harsh notes, dashed off together, and were followed soon after by the cause of their jealousy.

Which, if either, of the two males was eventually successful, I don't know, but at all events, I saw a pair of mated flickers in that corner of the woods a very few days later. Apparently they were considering the question of making their home in one of the branches of a dead chestnut tree which stood on one edge of the wood, for they flew onto the tree and off it and back again a great many times. At last a decision was reached, and on that very tree work was commenced. The spot selected was about twenty feet from the ground, on the under side of a large branch which leaned somewhat toward the south. One of the birds began by cutting a circle about one and one-half inches in diameter, and then dug out the wood inside of it to a depth of two or three inches. Then, for some reason which I could not determine, they abandoned this hole, and began a new one on another limb near by. Here they hammered away, the male and the female alternately, and the white chips flew around them as they worked.

For eight days they labored hard; then, because no more chips were thrown out, I presumed that the home was finished. Some ten days later I enlarged the entrance a little, that I could put my hand into the nest. Inside, the nest-hole was much wider than one might have supposed from glancing at the doorway, and opened out into a roomy cavity which extended downwards perhaps eighteen inches, affording ample room for the mother as she sat upon her eggs. Of the latter there were seven—transparent white, with pink veinings showing through the shell. The yolks, as in all fresh woodpeckers' eggs which I have seen, were plainly visible, and floated lightly to the top, no matter which way up the eggs were held. The mother flicker, who had flown out as I began to climb the tree, and who had been reproaching me gently in her own language, came back within three minutes after I descended and went to her eggs with no more than a glance at the disfigurement of her doorway.

Next time I visited the nest the young birds were hatched, for as I tapped on the tree-trunk there came from the hole a sound like that made by escaping steam or a singing kettle—the sound of very young flickers crying in chorus. As the youngsters grew older their cries became louder, and could be heard for several yards. They always cried when either of the parent birds alighted on the tree near the hole, or when the tree was struck with a stick or stone. I did not see the parent birds feed the young, but we know from the observations of William Brewster that young flickers are fed by regurgitation in much the same manner as young pigeons are given their nourishment. The parent flicker thrusts his bill down the throat of a little flicker and, with his wings and tail, and, in fact, his whole body, quivering with the effort, he literally pumps the half-digested food from his own stomach into that of his offspring.

Some time before they were ready to leave the nest the fledglings scrambled up to the mouth of the nest-hole, and sometimes four or five inquisitive little heads might be seen peering out at once. If they caught sight of me, or if I made the least noise, the heads were withdrawn, to be thrust out again the moment everything was quiet.

On leaving the nest they could fly well at once, making more than a hundred yards at the first attempt. Their plumage at this age was almost identical with that of the parents.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.